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EDITORIAL

SPRING FEVER

The above name is often given to
the languor that attacks most people
with the first return of summer weath-
er. It is a time of restlessness.
The trammels of daily work appear
particularly irksome. Summer sports
and outdoor life are tempters. It
seems a crime to work on some of
these lovely spring days.

Shrewd sellers of patent medicine
long ago capitalized that "tired feel-
ing." Who can make even a wild
guess at the enormous amounts of
money spent for remedies and nos-
trums, good and bad, supposed to
counteract this physical weariness.
Old fashioned people have favorite
traditional remedies which they al-
ways take at this period for a gener-
al internal house cleaning.

Years ago, when industry was less
highly organized and specialized,
people would listen to the spring
time call of out door life more free-
ly. The spirit of the season would
seize hold of a merchant and his
clerks, or a room full of mechanics.
Probably their product at the end
of the year was just as large as if
they had stayed in and yawned the
afternoon away.

Modern life is more intricate. Few
people can yield to the call of the
woods and streams for a holiday of
idleness. Every man's daily task is
fitted into his neighbor's. If one quit
his task it would throw a dozen out
of work. So the mechanic or the busi-
ness man has to put out of his head
the dreams of vagrant ease, and keep
digging to the task.

This regular labor in the face of
all counter attractions has discipli-
nary value. It creates an industrial
machine whose product surpasses the
world. But it excludes many natu-
ral enjoyments and wholesome primi-
tive sports.

A BIG NEWSPAPER DEAL

Two famous journals, the Chicago
Inter-Ocean and the Chicago Record-
Herald, have just combined. These
newspapers have been a familiar face
in hundreds of thousands of homes.
It has struck many people as sur-
prising that control of so famous and
excellent a paper as the Inter-Ocean
should have been bought in for \$50,-
000. A journal of this type has the
mark of prosperity in its appearance,
but with which the balance sheets do
not always harmonize.

The demands which the public
makes on the modern metropolitan
newspaper are appalling. It com-
petes with journals in the smaller
cities, which are well provided with
good press services, giving all the
real news. To attract interest out-
side its own city, the metropolitan pa-
per must be provided with a battalion
of costly specialists and correspond-
ents.

View of Memorial Service For Vera Cruz Dead at Brooklyn Navy Yard and Latest Picture of President.



Photos copyright, 1914, by American Press Association.

Memorial services were held at the Brooklyn navy yard over the bodies of seventeen sailors and marines killed at Vera Cruz. President Wilson made an address, and Secretary of the Navy Daniels and other notables were present. The picture shows a general view of the navy yard parade grounds upon the arrival of the coffins on caissons drawn by four horses each and each under guard. The picture of the president was taken on this occasion and shows how the Mexican trouble has added to the lines in his face.

These must get exclusives and pre-
sent points of view not covered by
the standard services. If news is
scarce, the staff is usually competent
to make it if required, to amuse that
portion of the public that is tolerant
toward imaginative news writing.

Furthermore, the metropolitan pa-
pers, particularly evening editions,
meet the demand for news hot on the
spot. The country weekly or the
small city daily sells up to the time
the next issue is due. There is a
substantial appeal in their service
that is not exhausted the moment the
presses stop. The metropolitan
morning paper is dead on the streets
of its own city by 11 a.m. You can
scarcely get a copy if you want it.
The evening papers then have the
field. Their transient life is but for
an hour until the next edition sup-
plants it.

It is tremendously costly to supply
these demands in this feverish way.
Newspapers are tempted to fake in-
formation and to give vague rumor
the standing of fact. Millions are
required to found a big daily paper.
No doubt the public would be quite
as well served, if in all the great
cities there should be mergers like
this one that has just occurred in
Chicago.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S MONEY

The death occurred recently of
Frederick Weyerhaeuser, a noted lum-
berman whose home was at St. Paul.
According to the statements at the
time, Mr. Weyerhaeuser was one of
the richest men in the United States.
Long newspaper stories were printed
telling how he acquired his vast for-
tune.

Down in the newspaper corners of
the past week could be found a lit-
tle item giving estimates of his es-
tate filed in proving the will. It is
now supposed that the famous lum-
ber king left a property valued at
only \$875,000.

If this estimate proves correct, it
suggests that the list of real million-
aires is probably much shorter than
people think. The bigger a man's
business grows, the higher his ex-
penses rise. The ends in view are
so large that it seems foolish to spend
time and thought on small savings.
Little wasteful leaks of expense keep
growing bigger.

The larger a man's estate becomes,
the less care he usually takes in his
investments. Large properties are
bought on slight investigation, often
on borrowed money. If the security
proves unsatisfactory, the loan has to
be paid, no matter how much the
principal has shrunk.

The larger share of modern busi-
ness is done on other people's cap-
ital, and on narrow margins. The pro-
fits of many a manufacturing plant
go to pay interest on unsatisfactory
investments. Slight changes in
prices turn winners into losers.

Most people overestimate the prop-
erty of their neighbors. This is
partly the result of the conditions
suggested above, partly due to the
fact that a great many people live
beyond their means, and with little
provision for the future. It is not
the man who has the most automo-
biles and horses who can draw the
biggest check.

THE LIGHT THAT HE HAD

His prayers were not very lengthy,
Nor did he attempt to preach.
Yet he meditated thoughtfully,
On the heaven he hoped to reach;
He heeded the word of scripture,
"Turn ye from all that is bad."
Thus he used to his best his knowl-
edge.
And followed the light that he had.
He never ignored the preachers,
Or cheated his fellow men;
He tried to help his neighbors,
With a kind word now and then.
He deemed it next to sinful,
To be complaining or sad,
Thus he used to his best his knowl-
edge,
And lived by the light that he had.

His heart went out to the sorrowers,
And his dimes went out to the poor;
And ne'er did the beggar weary or
faint,
In vain tap on his door.
He thought it one of his duties,
To try to make others glad,
Thus he used to his best his knowl-
edge,
And walked in the light that he had.

He never aspired for honors,
But patiently bore his load,
And one day all unexpectedly,
He came to the end of his road,
He sank down in meek submission;
E'en death couldn't make him sad,
For he felt an awaiting recompense:
Having followed the light that he
had.

So whether our prayers be lengthy,
Or we master the task when we
preach,
We'll all have to face a conscience,
When the judgment seat we reach,
And when the crowns are given,
As in heavenly robes we're clad,
They'll only glitter according
As we've followed the light that we've
had.

—Sarah E. Mitton.

SINGLE WOMEN

LIVE LONGEST

Insurance Statistics Show Interesting

Facts. Stout Women Are
Poor Risks

San Francisco, May 15.—According
to the records of the big life insur-
ance companies of the country, slender
women are better risks than stout
women, and single women live longer
than their married sisters.

A woman who is thirty pounds un-
der weight, said George H. Boardry
of a coast life insurance company, is
eighteen per cent better risk than a
woman who is thirty pounds over
weight. Mortality among men who
are thirty pounds under weight is
only 94 per cent, whereas among wo-
men over weight the mortality is
112 per cent.

The spinster's chances for long
life are 50 per cent better than those
of her married sisters. Out of 149,000
single women insuring the mortality
rate was only 81 per cent, while
among the women insuring with their
husbands as beneficiaries, the per-
centage was 126 per cent.

The married woman has not even
chances with the married man, at
least in the first few of married life.
The percentages among the men
increase with age.

High Death Rate

For the first two years of insurance
women have a high mortality rate,
whether they be married or single,
and this fact the companies attribute
to a premonition which women are
declared to possess. The insurance
people call this instinct, and they
say women feel the possibilities of
death so keenly that often the com-
panies lose during the first two years
of policy holding.

Two per cent of all the policies
the companies grant are to suicides,
and the figures relating to women's
suicides throws an interesting light
on the facts. Deaths from self in-
flicted causes among spinsters total
six-tenths of one per cent, while
among married women the percentage
is less than one-tenth higher. The
companies make a distinction, how-
ever, among the married women. Be-
tween the happily married class, or
women whose insurance is drawn in
favor of their husbands and the single
women there is almost no differ-
ence.

The women whose beneficiaries are
people other than their husbands
show one and one-tenth per cent,
while among the widows and divor-
ced women the percentage from sui-
cide climbs to one and seven-tenths.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE PIONEERS

A Visit to the Royal Family of Denmark. The Personal
Reminiscence of Niels Berjesen Who Was on Intimate
Terms With Many of the Rulers of European Nations.

When I asked Niels Berjesen where he was born, he replied that
he had no birthplace on earth, for he was born on the banks of the Orsum,
Sweden in a boat house which the waves have since torn and beaten
until it had been washed out to sea. This was, as you might know, be-
cause his father was a ship builder and boat carpenter. Being near the
strait which separates Denmark and Sweden, he can remember how the
passage of ships used to be controlled there by the Danes.

At four o'clock in the morning a cannon was fired, which meant that
all ships for which tolls had been paid, and a pass secured might pull
anchor and move on their way. All day he says, the ships would pass,
with spires and masts so many that the strait wore the appearance of
a naked, moving forest. At ten o'clock in the evening, another cannon
would boom and then the forest would become suddenly still, for no ships
must pass from that time until the booming of the cannon at four next
day.

One day the people became suddenly excited and came rushing down
to the shore. Away in the distance they could see a huge smoke moving
over the water, and, of course, judged that it must be a ship on fire.
They were hardly less excited, and their surprise was far greater, when
the smoking vessel arrived and was found to be a steamship. That was
the first steamer that had ever visited those waters.

There are many other interesting incidents which he relates of his
old country life. For instance, how he once passed over from Sweden to
Denmark on the ice which was so thick that it would bear the weight
of several teams. But the most novel and interesting of his experiences
are those connected with his life about the Royal Palace of Denmark.

"About 1863," he said, "I started to work in the Park of Bern Stoff,
where the Royal family of Christian IX of Denmark came to spend a
part of the summer with his family. It was there that I had the opportu-
nity to mingle with the royalty from time to time, on the playground
when anything was to be put in condition for the plays. The king was
a very interesting person; he seemed to put all his energy into whatever
he had to do. He was called the father-in-law of Europe, and he was
well worthy of the name for he was related to more of the royal Euro-
pean families than any other king. He was the father of a noble fam-
ily of six children, and I had the opportunity to converse with them all,
except one, the Queen Alexandra of England.

"King Christian was a fine horseman, and took great pride in his
horses. Every morning he paid a visit to the stables to see that both
the horses and men were getting the proper treatment, and they all loved
him. He was also very just and kind. He had a fine pair of driving
horses, once, and after many years of hard driving they got quite stiff
and were not of much use. So when he was away to war, the stable mas-
ter sold them. He also discharged many of the old men who could no
longer do their work. Then the king came home, and when he visit-
ed the stables, missed the old team and the old men. He sent out in-
quiries all around the country, soon finding that one of the horses had
died. But he got back the other one and the discharged men. The horse
he put in the stable with directions that he was to be well cared for;
the men he either gave positions which they could fill or gave them pen-
sions for life.

"On another occasion his little son, Prince Waldemar, who was
about nine years of age, came to him complaining against a certain sen-
tinel. "The soldier," said the prince, "did not salute me when I came
by." The king then asked his son what had passed between him and
the guard. Having heard all, he took his son out and told him to go to
the sentinel and raise his hat. "When you learn to respect others," said
the king, "they will respect you."

The Princess Dagmar, afterward the Czarina of Russia, was coming
through the park one day where I was working. She looked up at some
fine nice cherries that were growing near the walk and said she wished
that she had some. In no time I was up in that tree and picked whole
limbs of this delicious fruit. And there she stood with her apron held
out ready to receive them. Then along came her brother, Prince Frederik
and he enjoyed the cherries nearly as well as his sister. They joked
and laughed, and then went away after he had given me a dollar. Fred-
erik was a good sort of man, much like his father. He was afterwards
king and died very suddenly as you have no doubt read.

"The Royal family was a God-fearing group of men and women.
Once I had some mowing to do and did not get it all done on Saturday
night. So Sunday morning I got up early thinking I could finish before
anyone saw me. But the old king had his window open. He heard me
and looking out, saw what I was doing. Down came the young Prince
Waldemar with a message from his father asking if I believed it was
right to work on the Sabbath. I explained matters and let them know
that I believed in keeping that day holy. So he ran back and in a few
minutes I was through.

In next Saturday's issue we will conclude this account of the novel
experiences of a king's gardener. He will relate among other things how
a princess once danced in his shoes; story of the queen who was sensible
in dress; a joke on King Frederik; and conclude with an account of his
conversion, emigration and subsequent events.

BIG FEET COST GIRLS \$10

Size, Corn and Tango Involved in a
Cinderella
Contest

Patchogue, L. I. May 15.—Nobody
accuses Patchogue girls of having
large feet, but is a singular fact that
they have failed to enter a foot race
of an unusual kind, which involves
the size of feet.

At a performance at the Unique
theatre a prize of \$10 was offered to

any girl who could wear the shoe of
Miss Jessie May Hall. Circulars and
other means were used to broadly
advertise the small feet prize. Con-
testants were required only to be
able to get the shoes on and keep
them on sufficiently long to a round
of the tango.

Not one of the many girls in the
audience stirred and after an em-
barrassing wait the manager announ-
ced that the prize would be given to
Miss Hall herself.